

ASIA MINOR.

visit to the Shrine of the Devil Worshipers, &c.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.
Mosul, Wednesday, Dec. 1, 1852.
I promised you in my last some account of an excursion to the western base of the Kurdish mountains. A recent fit of illness rendered further recreation absolutely necessary, and at the invitation of the political head of the Yezedes and the English Consul here, we started on the journey to witness the novelties of the great festival of the Devil-worshippers at Sheikh Adi—the shrine of their divinity. Recent travelers have been disposed to consider the old charge against the Yezedes as calumnious; and I was anxious on many accounts to satisfy myself of the truth or falsity of the common opinion. It was thought that an excursion to the place of brooks and shrubbery would be of service to the ladies and our little one, who had been shut up all summer within the high brown walls of the city, while the mercury ranged from ninety to a hundred and fifteen degrees, and for three months, night or day, had not been as low as seventy-five. The expediency of trying to spend our summers in Mosul is not fully tested, but the agreeableness of taking a trip to the mountains is at least not to be questioned.

We started about daybreak and passed out of the palace gate, the only one opened before sunrise, and forced our way across the bridge of boats, through crowds of dirty men and animals, reaching the alluvial plain between the Tigris and the old walls of Nineveh just as the sun was throwing up his yellow beams behind the mound of Kouyunk. We enjoyed the cool air, so grateful after the intense heat of summer, as well as the sight of the gardens along the shores of the river and on the islets in it, covered with vines and herbage—the confused hum of myriads of birds—the *salaams* of the villagers, bringing their sacks of wheat, grapes, raisins and fuel to the city. These countrymen always go armed and in companies, for fear of the plundering bands which sometimes venture even under the walls of the city—their fleet steeds enabling them to "snatch and run" equal to the Germanic hordes of Tacitus. Kos Mel-tiel led the van, his portly form, long gown and heavy turban well befitting the office of leader. Salome, Mrs. W. and L. followed, while the servants with the babies, cucumbers and melons brought up the rear. The bedding and chests were far behind in charge of the fiery-faced muleteers. My spirited horse became calm after several circuits over the fenceless plain, and after a ride at a caravan-gait of three hours, we arrived at Tel Keif, one of the largest villages of the whole valley. It stands in a circular depression, and has its full complement of wolfish dogs, which kept up an incessant barking till we left the place. The population are all Chaldeans or Papal Nestorians, and are not likely from all appearances to become greatly civilized and enlightened for some ages under their present protectors and teachers. Last winter the Bibles distributed there were seized by them and either burned or secreted. We passed a large brown church and entered the house of one of our friends, before which a man was cracking wheat for *bourgeois*. The machine was similar in appearance and worked much in the same manner as some of the lined oil mills in America. This *bourgeois* forms the principal part of the food of the peasantry of these regions. *Pdaz*, a preparation of rice, is substituted in some parts of the country. Wheat is very cheap throughout Mesopotamia, and the crops in the region extending from Mosul to Baghdad are immense. The price of it sometimes does not exceed fifteen cents per bushel.

The apartment in which we breakfasted on grapes and *lebzen* placed upon sheets of bread thin as wafers and about half a yard in diameter, answering the triple purpose of food, table cloth and napkin, was as dingy as smoke could make it, and was illuminated only by means of the open door. This was crowded with spectators, some of whom were waiting for medicines to cure their fevers and rheumatic aches. The most of them had diseases of the eyes and begged for *sichr franje*, Frank sugar or *actas plumbi*. As I was going to visit two or three patients in their stable houses, the Consul, Mr. Rassam, and his lady rode up to the house of the *Kiayeh*, or head of the village, and dismounted to take breakfast with the dirty dignitary.

We started again after an hour's delay, the people gazing at us from the roofs, and the dogs barking their usual *salaam*. I rode up to the mound covered with graves, but could discover no trace of anything indicating a very great antiquity. *Batucca* soon appeared on our left, and *Jebel Makloub* rose high on our right beyond the remains of *Rhosabad*. An hour's ride brought us to *Mar Auroka*, the ruined convent of a modern Abraham. Near by was a woman shaping bricks from the mud and straw brought her by two daughters, who seemed perfectly unconcerned at our approach, though not a rag of clothing adorned their bronzed bodies. We soon reached a village built entirely of mud, from which a crowd of gaping Arabs made their appearance. A few women were winnowing wheat by throwing it into the air, and children were picking up the stray grains. Small pits were dug near by, into which the grain and straw are placed and covered with clay for winter use. A little further on was an Arab encampment consisting of tents of coarse black cloth. A single copper dish appeared to be the only piece of furniture possessed by some of the families, except the *kalyoon*. A pipe is almost as necessary to an Arab as to a Turk. While Salome was exchanging her hard horse for a donkey a crowd of ragged women and naked children gathered around us, and to our request that we should stand off a little, they wanted to know "why." "We are nothing but women—we shall not hurt you," without having the most distant suspicion that a dirt-brown hide and unsavory smell could possibly be disagreeable. We soon passed on, but not until we had declined the offer made by some of the men to leave camels, and we had gently insinuated to the *fair sex* the propriety of a little more attention to the details of dress and the utility of soap and water. Here we got a conception of what Mahomet failed to accomplish, and yet I suppose he ought to have credit for what good he did effect.

A rivulet soon crossed our path—a grateful sight to those of us who had not seen one for half a year. Fields of cotton stretched along by the water side and women were picking the open balls. K's horse was so much pleased with the brook that he lay down and rolled—much to the damage of the rider and the baggage thrown over his broad saddle.

It was a rich perspective that spread out before us—the banks of the rivulet lined with tall oleanders bearing large pink blossoms in spite of the burning sun—the high craggy mountains forming a background on which to set off *Jerrayeli*, a mound in which Mr. Layard searched in vain for sculptures—Rabbah Hormuzd, next like between two rocky spurs, the vast plain stretching off to the right and left as we journeyed northward toward Baadri. Mr. H. and myself galloped off to Jerrayeli, and having tried in vain to induce the Yezedes there to furnish us with a sherbet of water, we rode to the top of the very high mound and took a view of the almost boundless plain below. A good wall still surrounds the summit, and, doubtless, it once formed the castle of an important city. Xenophon, in his memorable retreat, must have passed very near this spot, and perhaps it is one of the places he refers to in his *Anabasis*.

The ride over these plains is always tedious. The party became much fatigued before we reached Baadri. Mr. Rassam had preceded the rest, and welcomed them on their arrival into his new khan, around which had gathered a multitude of Yezedes, in their white garments, to assist in our entertainment. Coffee, lemonade and confectionary were passed, and we enjoyed the cool retreat after nearly ten hours' ride under a hot sun. The khan is built

of bricks of mud and straw, dried in the sun, and the apartments designed for animals were now to be occupied by a pleasure-seeking party of Franks. The crowd was zealous to kiss the hand of Mr. Rassam, as he had done so many favors for their tribe by his Consular interference in their behalf. As his protégé, I also came in for a large share of this sort of honor, and was glad when the exhibition of it closed. We all dined together, seated on the ground in Turkish style, and native dishes were never so acceptable to me before.

This village is the residence of Hussein Beg, the political chief of the *Shiatani*, and we were honored with his presence, attended by his subordinate officials. My medical services were at once called into requisition. The English Consul *farms* this village jointly with Hussein Beg; that is, they pay the government taxes and furnish funds for the cultivation of wheat and cotton and receive a certain share of the produce. Several little streams wind their way among the hillsides, and it was pleasant to see the verdure of spring in the dryness of autumn. A fine fortress of stone stands above the town on the spot famous for the butcheries of Ravendouz Beg. The houses are all built of sun-dried bricks and covered with mud, never more than one story high, and differing from those of the Arabs chiefly in the general neatness visible within. Cleanliness is a prominent feature in their religion, and in this respect they put to shame the neighboring Christians and Moslems.

After a good night's rest I took an early morning walk by the side of the chief stream that runs near the village and enjoyed there the first time for six months the invigorating breath of a morning among mountains. Tobacco, the true Virginia stock, was spreading itself among fig and mulberry trees, and men and women were performing their morning ablutions. I looked in vain to see any of them kiss the first beams of the rising sun. Shepherds were leading forth their flocks—*Kachels* were bearing their water pots to their houses; no hum of cotton mills and iron-works disturbed the quiet and peacefulness of the scene. It was a spot and an hour for enjoyment such as one seldom finds in the bustle of Christendom, or the wilds of Assyria. My lungs, so lately struggling hard to throw off the feverish element in my blood, here inhaled the best medicine for debility which the world affords. New scenes, fresh air, cool water from the dancing brook—here was the tonic for my wasted frame.

After a good breakfast taken on the nice mud floor, we visited the reception room. This was a sort of open porch at the entrance of the khan, with raised platforms on its sides, over which Mrs. R. had spread some Persian rug. The dignitaries of the place arrived, and after various *salaams*, betook themselves to their everlasting pipes. Kalyoons and narghees are the constant quantities, as the *theologians* say, among the devil worshippers, as well as among the Turks of Stambul.

Kawal Sivok, one of the priests of the sect, entertained us with sundry descriptions of matters in Constantinople, having resided nearly a year in the family of Sir Stratford Canning. His account of the balls and shows he attended at the capital was quite as humorous as his description of the appearance his own wife made when decked out in a silk dress, presented her by Lady Canning. It is a sin for the Yezedes to have their clothes open longitudinally at the neck, and this dress had to be cut in that part in the shape of the new moon. Sivok went to Stambul as the deputy of his tribe, to try with British help to secure for his people the substitution of a pecuniary compensation for the conscription of the Sultan. With the usual day of Turkish officials the question was decided against the granting the privilege in spite of the religious scruples of the Yezedes about being forced to worship the Moslem prayers—enter a bath-eat lettuce—wear blue clothes—and he exposed to the danger of having the name of their beloved Sheikh uttered in thoughtlessness and disdain. You can see how conscientious they are from the fact that they give as one reason for not wishing to learn to read, that should they learn they would be obliged to meet frequently the name of their deity in Arabic and Syrian books! They will not utter a word having the radicals of *Sheitan*, and will rather suffer death than renounce their religion. They profess to venerate Christ and Mahomet; but it is probable their regard is exhibited only to secure the good will of their neighbors. I shall at a future time give some reasons for believing them a remnant of the Sabians, and if I have opportunity after some further acquaintance with them, I shall try to illustrate the nature of their religion, its origin and changes in progress of time, the admixture of foreign elements in it, and the relation it bears to the religion of the Assyrians as embodied in the sculptures exhumed in the valley of the Tigris. At present I have only to report the incidents of an excursion to their great festival.

I was anxious to visit Rabbah Hormuzd—a Convent of three hours west of Baadri, and Mr. Rassam volunteered to accompany me. We first called at the house of Hussein Beg, the Prince described by Layard as one of the handsomest men he ever saw, and sat down upon some rugs spread for us around the fountain in the center of the apartment supplied by water from a neighboring spring and fringed with indigenous grass. We were invited to breakfast with him but preferred to see him with two others of his honored guests dip from a common dish of *lebzen*, or sour milk, with their wooden spoons, and fill their mouths with handfuls of rice and onions. Coffee was served us, and the chief then prepared to accompany us. Ten of his customary attendants followed us on horseback, with their long spears, girdles full of daggers, gay kerchiefs, and white shawls. One of them wore his black locks curled and hanging down over his ears and neck—as fine a specimen of the dandy species as ever trod Broadway. The heads and breasts of the horses were hung with gaudy trappings, and I felt quite happy to be thus honored by the sovereign of an *imperium in imperio*. We crossed a brook in which a score of women were whitening the loose trowsers and cloaks of their lords, and ascended the fort-crowned hill, while the people of the village ran to their house-tops to enjoy the strange sight of their chief escorting a Frank. Hussein Bey is the representative of the old Sassanian dynasty, and his people show him as much reverence as his predecessors received in the days of their glory and power. We met bands of pilgrims on their way to Sheikh Adi, all decked out in their whitest robes—some mounted on donkeys, with *tanjeras* or cooking vessels slung on their shoulders or over their heads; others trudging along on foot, with their arms full of guns, pistols and babies. All the men eagerly kissed the hand of their chief in passing, and I quite fell in love with his patriarchal government, the only one that at present at all represents that of the early Hebrews. The Arabs are ever struggling for the supremacy; but the Yezedes never question the right of their lineal head to rule, and they paid as much deference to Hussein Beg in his infancy, after Ravendouz Beg, that atrocious Kurd, had murdered his father, as they now do since he has arrived at the age of manhood and has a retinue of wives. Further observation and inquiry led me to question the expediency of such a captainship, even among these order-loving people; there is no community this side of Heaven into which envy, jealousy and strife do not enter.

We all enjoyed the ride to Bozan, notwithstanding the heat of the sun, where we dismounted and took some water from a spring, and witnessed the regard of the villagers for their plebeian chief in their efforts to kiss his extended palm. As Mr. Rassam and myself extended palm, to Mr. Rassam and myself they paid a like honor, as being their chieftain's guest. We came, after a short stay at the village, to the deep gorge in the mountain fronting the convent. At Kosh, the birth and burial-

place of the prophet Nahum, according to the tradition of the Chaldeans, who have built a church over his tomb, was visible to the left, but we did not visit it. The general appearance of the village at a distance was quite pleasant; the houses having a more substantial air than those of the Yezedes, which are scattered along the base of the mountains from the Zaks to the Zab. We ascended the winding street of stairs with some difficulty, and were welcomed to the convent by Kos Elisah, the Superior of that monkish retreat. About forty monks were in the cells of the convent. Many of the holes cut in the rocks and formerly thus occupied are now vacant. We were invited into a dark room and seated upon rugs brought from the cells. Water, coffee and wine were then brought by the direction of our host. Of the wine, however, my temperance principles did not allow me to taste, although I was a little desirous to test its strength, as likely to indicate somewhat the degree of sanctity prevalent there.

The earth over the tomb of the builder of the Convent has as much efficacy as that of the cave where St. Paul spent three months with Publius, though the stink of Kos Elisah, when Hussein Beg asked for a quantity to take home with him indicated somewhat less sincerity in countenancing the imposition than did the sacrifice who declared to me on the "faith of a Catholic" at Malta, that "although several shiploads of febrifuge" had been taken from St. Paul's Cave, it never grew larger. A tall, brown monk brought the Prince the desired medicine, and when Mr. R. inquired of the Kos the reason of his allowing such humbuggery, he replied, it was necessary to make the people believe in its mysterious power, or they would not show due reverence to them and their domicile. I ought to do him the justice to say that under better training he would no doubt have been a shining light; and indeed, the impression which I bore away of these hermits in black cowls and black turbans, was on the whole, favorable to their general sincerity. We were permitted to see the chapel paintings and tombs of the patriarchs of the sect, and I added my name to the short list of visitors, as cut in the walls of the unfinished chapel, beginning with Richard ending with Layard and Perkins. Syriac, Arabic and Estrangelihe inscriptions are over the doors and on the box-like monuments of the bishops buried there, and rude danks of the virgin and her sister saints hung around the walls, and an interesting picture of an old man with Mary and her babe en route from Egypt, graced the holy of holies. After Mr. R. had made a few corrections in a Ms Syro Arabic lexicon, and my broad brimmed hat had been sufficiently examined and commented on, we were invited to dinner. The cell into which we were conducted was illuminated by means of white paper pasted over a couple of holes opening toward the south, through which a rupture enabled me to take a view of the immense plain below us. In the spring the prospect must be grand. The table from which we ate was formed by placing a circular board over a backless chair. Two Devil-worshippers, a Chaldean Bishop, an excommunicated Catholic turned Episcopalian, and a Congregationalist sat around it and devoured the chickens, rice, grapes, cucumbers and figs which the servants brought on, and a part of the guests appeared to relish the rich wine. Hussein Beg poured down several tumblers of it, and Sivok said the red color of it reminded him of the brandy, two bottles of which the English Ambassador furnished him daily at Stambul!

Kosha Elisah (as he writes his name in Syriac) presented me with a rough Shepherd's staff, answering for a cane, not without expecting a backhish in return of double value. We led our horses down the precipitous stairs, but the crowd of cowed heads aside, and soon reached Bozan. Abdi Agah, the chief of the Adeezen, near Jezzeerah, was there waiting to escort us back to Baadri en route to Sheikh Adi. His rich turban, shawl, girdle, saddle and trappings, all of silk and of gaudy colors, formed a striking contrast with the simple dress of Hussein Beg—his superior. But every chief has a right to choose his colors as well as an American; yet I judge that of these people is to be found in the fact that they wish to avoid taxation as much as possible. It may be that they expect at some future time to become the dominant power in the Sijar and Sheikhan. The Nestorians of the mountains have nothing but rage for fear of the rapacious Kurds. Vast numbers of them come down to Mosul in the winter to avoid the extreme cold of the villages, and present a sad contrast even with the Arabs that crowd the hovels outside the walls. The wealth of a Moslem is to be judged by his dress, but no such criterion will apply to the *Nestorians*. Pride with them is sure to have a fall. It makes one's blood run cold to think of the savage massacres the Moslem Kurds have perpetrated on the Yezedes and Christians. I rejoiced that to the former there is at least one favor granted now—that of an annual pilgrimage to the shrine of their fathers.

Our company numbered over twenty on our return, and the plain afforded them an opportunity to show their skill in horsemanship and shaking of the spear in a mock battle. We passed the grave ground where the spirits of the tribe, it is supposed, will gather at the general Judgment. I noticed a great number of small conical structures said to mark the places where their Sheikhs had had interviews with angels. I afterwards saw the "man in black" who holds direct communication between Sheikh Nasir, the religious head of the Yezedes and his Satanic Majesty. The doctrine of Spirit rappings is not so new as some of our Americans suppose. The Devil worshippers here have as good reason for their belief in the messages this go-between brings from the spirit-land as your *spiritualists* have for the messages of their *mediums*. The simple-hearted devil-worshippers here are far less bound to the observance of the principles of the Inductive Philosophy than the priests of Rochester and Stratford. Before the latter sneer at their brethren in this quarter of the world, let them look at home. The same kind of credulity that has made these people adopt their curious religious notions is working among your *free-thinkers*; it will not be strange if they come to adopt in many respects a system like the Persian Magi. God will then be fire; the stars his manifested essence; the universe a machine played with by lawless spirits.

The sun was just setting when we returned to Baadri and the shepherds were leading their immense flocks from the hills to their folds. All carried arms. The Kurd and the Arab respect night but that of night, any more than the Czar or the House of Hapsburg. The shades of evening cast a wild glow over fort and tree and plain, a silence disturbed only by the bleating of the flocks and the sullen growl of the watch dogs on the roofs. A few years since this quiet spot was the scene of a butchery of the most horrid kind. The cruel Kurd had found the Sultan, influenced by England, too strong for him, and it is hoped the world will never again behold such atrocities as those committed by Beder Khan Beg. My long story will close with my next. Till then adieu.

H. L.
The following conversation is reported to have taken place between President Pierce and an officer from Western New York:
President—How did you vote in 1848?
(After a pause.) For Gen. Cass, of course, Sir. He was, you know, the regular candidate of our party.
President—I have been informed that you elected one of Van Buren's voters for Cass, and celebrated the election of Taylor. How was that?
(After a pause.) Embarrassed, and fumbling his words, he said, "I was, Sir, President. (He took the next train for the North.)"

FAST DAYS—Gov. Crosby, of Maine, has designated the 14th of April to be observed as a day of public Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer. Gov. Fairbanks, of Vermont, has set apart the 25th of April for the same purpose.

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NEW-GRANADA.

Bozotero, Dec. 1, 1852.

Bozotero being situated at the western foot of a mountain range, is half surrounded with mountain and half with plain. My visits have chiefly been to the mountains. I will take these up in the order of the points visited, rather than that of time beginning at the north. I take first, the expedition of to-day, the longest, the most disagreeable and unprofitable of them all. I wished to see a paramo, the flat top of a mountain. So, mounted on a fine horse, kindly lent me by our minister, Mr. King, and accompanied by Dr. Hoyas and Señor Triana, of the Geographic commission, I set out very early in the morning. We went along the Alameda, which from a street becomes in a short distance merely a macadamized road, leading towards the salt mines of Chiquiza, the essential mines of Muz, and more than all towards the fame of the miraculous and miracle-working picture of Chiquiza—a dead of the Virgin, said to have been concealed in dirt and rubbish by some power divine, and found by a favorite of Heaven, to be set up here to be worshipped and to heal the sick. The picture has been once to Bozotero to stay the ravages of the small-pox. Among its other virtues, it has had indisputably the power of enriching the priesthood amazingly.

But here we turn from the road, the second in New-Granada, only a little out of repair, and keeping closer to the base of the mountain, at length climb it. This, like chopping of a man's head, can be said in three words, but the performance is no trifling matter. At the top we found a hilly country rather than a plain, and on a distant hill saw a tree. We descended to a hacienda, consisting of three mud cottages. The largest was in the form of two sides of a square, and had three rooms habitable but very small, and apparently for the occupancy of one man, not very nice, but judging from his chapel, particularly pious.

The other houses were at a little distance, and were a house for a dependant and a kitchen. From the gentleman's bedroom a bell-pull extends to the other house, a contrivance almost unknown in this country—the first bell I have seen, in fact, large or small, except those in churches. We left our horses in one of the vacant rooms and sallied out for plants. We were soon driven in by a storm, for the paramo had got angry, as they say here. We were kept wet and cold a long time at the house, and had at length to set out in the rain and hail for home. Before the rain the descent would have been difficult, now it was absolutely dangerous. Both my friends' horses fell with them during the trip, but we escaped unhurt. In some places, after again reaching the plain, we found *Arceuthobium*! In a fit of absence of mind, I seemed natural enough to me. I forgot that to-day is here reckoned the first day of summer, or, as we would call it, of the dry season. The terms seem equally applicable to-day. This crop of halitones is counted a blessing, and is eagerly treasured up for ice cream.

South of this place of descent, and near Bozotero, the Archbishop river descends to the plain, from a gap in the mountains. One day I wished to bathe. The most attentive friends I have in Bogota, who can never do too much for me, were consulted on the matter. We were to start at 10, but he was occupied till 12. In fact, it is most impossible to set out at a fixed time here. We proceeded along the Alameda till we came to the convent of St. James, when we began obliquely to ascend the foot of the mountain. We soon struck the aqueduct that supplies our part of Bogota. It is a sort of drain a foot wide, with the water six inches deep. Most of the way it is covered, but not so as to protect it from surface wash.

We followed the drain to its origin, and the river upward from this point. Soon the climbing became arduous, and at two (our dinner hour) we stood together at a fine fall of 20 feet into a pretty little basin. I began to make preparations for a bath, but my guide and physician assured me that the water was too cold and I too weak.

The barrier before us seemed impassable. We did pass it, however, at the risk of our necks, to another fall and basin very similar to the lower, and just above it. We came near being imprisoned here by a shower, making absolutely impossible the dangerous path we had climbed. High above us on the cliff, was a man throwing down sticks and roots for fuel. While we were here he had completed his load, hauled it on his shoulders and gone to sell it. In our descent we passed the proper place for bathing without even discussing the proposition of bathing as night was now approaching. I returned loaded with rare plants.

The next point south of this is visited is Montserrat. It is a chapel standing on the summit of the mountain back of the north cut of the city, to which there is a very good mule road. This was the most interesting visit I made. It was with Sr. Triana. We soon rode to a gap in a view of every now of the city, but higher and higher we went, passing now and then a niche with a cross, where it is possible other objects than Our Lady have been worshipped. Arrived at the top we found a group of buildings consisting of a church and residences for priest and acolyte, the last of whom reside there with a disgusting family and a pack of very noisy dogs. The key, I was told, had been carried down to the city that morning by a boy. It was a peadoubt. Two sides of the pile could be seen from the plain, and these were beautifully whitewashed. All around, out doors, were the remains of fires and other evidences of field feasts—the *dance* with the *serpents*.

The prospect here well repays the toil. First, there is the city beneath your feet. You could count the houses and all their courts. The rivers with their few bridges, the convents with their gardens, all appear as on a map. Beyond lies the plain covered in spots with water, which has been increasing ever since the rains began. There there are hills rising like islands and the irregular coast line of the rim of the basin. But beyond my eye caught an object which is never seen without interest. It was a peak and a long plain at its base. Both are covered with perpetual snow. They are the peaks of Tolima, and the paramo of Ruiz. They lie 90 miles, or thereabouts, to the west—many days journey beyond the Magdalena. The clouds soon shut out the sight and I have never seen it since.

We walked along to the north but not so far as the Archbishop river. First, we saw a hill higher than the top of the church. Then descending we walked a long way on the top of the ridge having on our right a gentle descent, and again beyond higher mountains—newly grown to almost in reality as the place where we are. On our left was almost a precipice extending to the plain beneath. All this distance we met scarce a plant that grew on the plain beneath, or on the mountain side.

Southward of the church the ground descends rapidly to a huge gulf the Bozotero, through which rushes the San Francisco River, with a road creeping along its side. We descended to a peak called the *Mozca's* spine, which looks up the basin of the San Francisco, a spine of moderately high country, dotted with cottages and small fields cleared of bushes.

I made an attempt with *Worms* gentleman afterward to pass the Bozotero on horseback. Passing up out of town we left Bogota's country on the left and on the right two great mills, a paper mill and a manufacture of crude guano. Our road rose rapidly till the mountain shut us in, and the Church of Montserrat, high on our left, disappeared from view. Patches of the cliffs were red with lignite, unexcavated by any ever seen by Hogg or Duple. The *Oreodendron*, with its bushy of yellow orchid flowers, here and there peeped itself out from a bush, and we had to climb a point of rock on the south side. Such a getting up stairs on a peak of horse or mule I never did see. At length my friend's horse came to fat rebellion, and turned round as if to fall upon my head. My horse wished to do the same. Perhaps their heads were dizzy. At length I passed the recumbent, and we scrambled up again behind me. No sooner were we up than again we had to descend. But when we came again near the river, it began to rain. My health would not permit me to be wet with impunity, and we turned and retreated.

Against the rock where we turned, I saw a poor woman leaning to rest. She had in her hand a small spoon, and on her shoulders a bundle of small sticks nearly as large as herself. This is a common sight. In this way Bogota is supplied with fuel. Little coal is used. All the wood is sold in bundles, (not weighed, however, as in Paris) whether brought on backs of women or mules, or in carts. A little below I met a little girl not twelve years old, loaded in this way. Her scant dress, her naked feet and the cold, tempted me to pay her a dime for her load and throw it into the river. She would only have faded it out to sell again. To ameliorate the condition of the poor needs wisdom more than money.

I escaped from the Bozotero without breaking my neck. I took shelter from the rain at a station. All these buildings may be considered as having two rooms, one for a shop, with a counter dividing it into two equal parts, the other larger, nearly clear of furniture, for dancing, &c.

Here I saw pots made of the trunk of tree-ferns, called here *foots*. I saw also an earth more so large I could scarce believe my eyes. It was as large as a candle and longer.

A short time after my Bozotero ride, the same kind guide that had led me to the bathing place in the Archbishop river, went with me, as he said, on a short excursion. I had been sick more than a week and was still feeble. We set out after a somewhat early breakfast and soon found we were rising higher and higher, directly in the rear of the center of the city and just south of the Bozotero. We came to the ruins of a church much lower than that of Montserrat, but we still ascended. At length we could see Montserrat—could see the horizon beyond—may even look down on the plain as it stretched off to the north if it. We came at length to the ruins of another church, in its day more splendid than that of Montserrat. It is that of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Mounting these walls I found myself higher than I ever had been before, or than I may be again, I placed Mount Washington in my imagination at the level of the sea, beneath me and found its top so low as scarce to be discernable.

From this point my friend, who never lost an opportunity of getting into trouble, suggested a descent toward the N. E., from which we could reach the city by passing through the Bozotero. In fact he thought this the easiest way to reach the city. We were soon committed and too far down to retreat. The whole side was densely covered with bushes and without a path. But gravity will do wonders when one trusts himself to it, and strange to say, we reached the bottom by good fortune and good management, bringing our clothes with us. An equal task remained. It was to cross the Bozotero, filled with a swollen river, without wetting my feet. The will magnificence of the scene is surpassed by anything I recollect. For more than a mile the walls were too steep to scale, and the bottom too narrow for a wagon road.

Through this narrow pass much of the supplies of Bogota pass on the shoulders of men and women, and the backs of oxen. Wood, charcoal, wheat, fowls, turpentine of *fraxinus* in bottles made of leaves, and even plants from the warmer regions beyond the mountains came pouring down at all hours of the day, and particularly early in the morning.

Now only stepping a complete ducking in my efforts to save my feet, I had crossed and recrossed the stream till but one more crossing remained at the outlet of the Bozotero. Here a new obstacle met me. To pass where the road did was clearly impossible; above was unscalable rock. Below was a narrow path close beside the water, where a group of bathing girls held possession. The whiteness of their skin showed them of no plebeian cast, in fact I learned they were heeled by a school mistress. How those maidens lived in freezing current was to me a mystery, but there they were, and I must get round them as best I could. I did so, and at length below passed the stream and returned to the city.

I made a somewhat similar expedition a few days since; only I left the height of Montserrat at my left. I passed first on the base of the mountain a church called *Ely*, whether from darkness or boudage, or both, I know not, but in either sense more churches than one might with propriety bear the name. Leaving the outskirts of the city behind me, by rising still higher we reach the little church of Our Lady of the Cliff, with its miraculous image of Joseph, Mary, the infant Saviour, and an angel bearing the pyx in which they keep the consecrated water. High on the mountain were the unchained statues found by a sort of Indian beggar. It cost an immense labor to detach the group from the solid rock, of which it was a part, and bring them down thus far toward the city. Whether they were found decked in mud and paint as now, I know not.

From here our course was S. W. A steep ascent—a mountain swamp and a well-worn path over the ridge brought us in sight of two miserable little fields and a hut covered with grass. Here we saw a man, his wife, and two little children, preparing loads of wood for the city. A decent directly south brought us to a road, paved in some places, running along the banks of the Fucha. I turned and went from the city on this road. As I was going up a steep pitch, I met a night which I shall not soon forget. It was a young girl apparently 15, but perhaps older. She had on her back a large load of wood, but was descending the steep road with a quick, elastic step; in her right hand was the long staff they always carry, and on her left arm her bare unadorned drawing its nourishment from the living fountain. Ah! woman, how varied but universal are thy wrongs. The father of this innocent may have been some country priest living in coarse luxury with nothing to tax the energies of his mind, neither care, responsibility, nor duty beyond the performance of prescribed ceremonies at prescribed times—nothing, in short, to do but to draw money, propagate and rot. She, living upon a mud hut, 7 feet long, 6 feet wide and 3 feet from the ground, contented herself to pick up a few sticks near her house, carrying them and her babe from 7 to 12 miles, and selling her load for half-pence.

Near here I gathered the fruit of a curious shrub, the *Cordia*. The flower had been very small, scarcely noticeable indeed except for its numbers, and for apparently growing on the leaves. But when the time came for it to go to flower, the petals, instead of falling, took to growing. They became so distended with a bright red juice, as to appear almost black, and to have crowded out entirely the little capsule and appearing like a berry. I found here, too, for the first time in South America, a misletoe growing on a bush.

The road from here to Bogota does not closely follow the River Fucha, but rises over a shoulder of the mountain at a considerable height, while the river enters the plain through a gorge. Here I found a gigantic figure painted on a sloping rock in the river, as if walking across it with a child on his shoulders and using a palm for a staff. It was St. Christopher, (*Christ bearer*), of whose history unfortunately I know no more than is shown by the etymology of his name. I wonder if his mother gave him that name in infancy, and it when grown to more than man's stature, he had the honor to carry once or repeatedly the infant Saviour on his shoulders! But it is useless to ask.

Just below here I took my first and only bath in the chilly climate of Bogota. I was in the water but an instant, "bathed like a cat," Dr. Bayon said, but the dip cost me a sickness of a fortnight. How the hard inebriated can enjoy himself in the wintry stream—how, heated with working under a vertical sun, he plunges into it—how even little children, as I have seen them, copiously and deliberately bathed, is to me amazing.

My visits to the plains have been fewer and less interesting. One was to a spot a little below this. We passed through fields with walls of abutment brick and roof of tile—the gateways also roofed. A more beautiful fence to the hunter or the botanist cannot be found. He will not find of scaling it, and perhaps when he needs a gate none is to be found. We passed the southern borders of the city and came to a mill, where wheat is bought and converted into a flour equal to our second or third rate. As a tropical voyage damns our superior flour, it does not shame them when it gets here.

On the same canal, which comes from the Fucha, stands the National powder mill. Examined from an eminence it appears an orderly, well-conducted establishment, but I did not enter it.

On the very banks of the Fucha stands the magazine, under a guard of soldiers. It is a solitary building, with a piazza, surrounded by a high wall, part of which has been carried away by the floods. The soldiers were asleep, and I had entered the enclosure before I knew that it was guarded. In the piazza hung a soldier's bale in a hammock, and near stood their guns. Their eyes were open, but they were within the piazza against the walls of the magazine. We found the mother of the babe near the desolate troops.

A little way from here I saw a body of troops waiting clothes in the river within a line of sentinels. They had a few women engaged with them. The few women surprised me, for when an army is on march there are more women than men. I have been repeatedly assured of this, and that the commanders expedite their march and aid them across the rivers with the greatest attention. Soldiers here are smaller than other people. I am not tall, but I can look over the

heads of a long line of troops, and the top of every row. These circumstances have been mentioned by the very best of the officers of the States in Spanish countries, but when I saw such troops I don't wonder they are tempted to look into them just for a little fun. One of the officers I saw was of unimpaired African blood. I was first struck with the domestic architecture of the natives in a dense crowd in a church. It was new to me, who had been so often buried in crowds, to find my head projecting above the surface of one.

The country round the Fucha is a country that but intermediate between plain and mountain. All west of here is entirely level, and at this season of the year much of the ground is covered with water. It flows from Western plains in that they have depressed edges, the boundaries being streams at a much lower level. Here the boundaries are hills, and the stream in the interior is at the surface of the plain. In both the center is apt to be the wettest.

In the plain, for north as the Archbishop River, is the principal Cemetery, the pride of Bogota. It is an ellipse of about an acre, surrounded by a high wall with a chapel at the further end. Thus much I could see from the mountains. My visit there happened to be at the season when, in several successive Mondays they do up the mourning for the year. I passed and saw numerous groups of mourners, gaily laughing and chatting as they tripped to or from the house appointed for all the living. The road is the Alameda as far north as St. James', where it turns off to the left down into the plain for half a mile. The inner side of the wall is occupied by three stories of *arcades* protected by a roof, which also covers a walk along their mouths, which, when masoned up have sometimes the names written in mortar, or painted on tin-plate, or engraved in stone. Some are ornamented in oils, and as all are protected from the weather, that is permanent here which in our open cemeteries would soon be destroyed. There is a rose-colored stone used here, much more beautiful than any I have seen elsewhere, but I think few would destroy it.

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